O none but unthrifts, dare my love you know,
You had a Father, let your Son say so.
Not from the ſtars doe I my judgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I have Aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evill lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons qualitie,
Nor can I fortune to breefe minuts tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or ſay with Princes if it ſhall goe well
By oft predict that I in heaven finde.
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And conſtant ſtars in them I read ſuch art
As truth and beautie ſhall together thrive
If from thy ſelfe, to ſtore thou wouldſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is Truths and Beauties doome and date.
When I conſider every thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge ſtage preſenteth nought but ſhowes
Whereon the Stars in ſecret influence comment.
When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheared and checkt even by the ſelfe-ſame skie:
Vaunt in their youthfull ſap, at height decreaſe,
And were their brave ſtate out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay,
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſtfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to ſullied night,
And all in war with Time for love of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

Good Admonition.

BVt wherefore doe not you a mightier way
Make warre upon this bloudy tirant time?
And fortifie your ſelfe in your decay
With meanes more bleſſed then my barren rim
Now ſtand you on the top of happy houres,
And many maiden gardens yet unſet,
With vertuous wiſh would beare your living flo
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So ſhould the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times penſell or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you live your ſelfe in eyes of men,
To give away your ſelfe, keeps your ſelfe ſtill
And you muſt live drawne by your owne ſwee
Who will beleeve my verſe in time to come
If it were fild with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and ſhowes not halfe yo
If I could write the beautie of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay this Poet lies,
Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly face
So ſhould my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſſe truth then tong
And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
And ſtretched meter of an Antique ſong.
But were ſome childe of yours alive that time
You ſhould live twiſe in it, and in my rime.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo